Royale Flush

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Royale Flush

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

A/N: THE NAME IS SPELLED THAT WAY DELIBERATELY!

@nirvana-war-queen on Tumblr Prompted: Something with Hannibal and Will going on a vacation and are in the casino from Casino Royale. Will is all flirty in front of others and Hannibal is trying to concentrate on the game and ignore him, so Will gets mad and joins the game and kills it because of course he can. After the game, they return to their suite, where Will is sulking and Hannibal is trying to lighten him up.

A/N: I tweaked the original prompt a bit, sorry. Hope it's okay. There's sex, so it should make up for that.

Notes

I DO NOT PLAY POKER.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN TAUGHT HOW TO PROPERLY PLAY POKER. THE ONLY TERM I HAD LEARNED WHEN
'PLAYING' WAS 'FOLD'. THE REST IS LOST ON ME.

I HAD TO RESEARCH POKER GAMES AND WHAT IT IS LIKE IN TOURNAMENTS. THIS IS NOT PERFECT! DO NOT TAKE ANY POKER IN THIS AS SERIOUS BECAUSE ONE, THE TOURNAMENT IS SHADY FROM THE BEGINNING, AND TWO, I BREAK A SHIT TON OF RULES BECAUSE I DON'T UNDERSTAND POKER.

Facts:
1. Spades are actually the best Straight Flush you can get.
2. Royal Flush is a Straight Flush that goes in order, Ace, King, Queen, Jack, Ten. All of one suit of course. Best hand in the game.

I may word things that seem like I am informed, but I am not. I don't know if two people can both have a Royal Flush(no answers were forthcoming) but I would assume so. All of one suit, in Ace, King, Queen, Jack, and Ten. So if two players are left in a 5 Card Draw, then it is possible for them to both have a Royal Flush at the same time. It's just improbable. I think. I used this method and this is my reasoning.

If someone can explain to me in a not confusing way, where I am wrong, please do so. I have only written one Poker fic before(for Hannigram) and I'd like to represent it better for future

use.

See the end of the work for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal or Casino Royale.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Will stared at Hannibal who had for some reason, decided to enter into a Poker Tournament. Will stood behind his chair, to his left, eyeing the competition. Hannibal was doing okay, but in terms of Poker, he could have been doing better.

This tournament had been in place for a while and Hannibal had somehow managed to slip his way into the game.

Will was concentrating on the jolly man accompanying one of Hannibal's opponents. The man was on his fourth glass of wine and seemed to be a talkative sort.

Will had so far been ignored by Hannibal all evening and he was done. So of course he tried to associate with people who were too drunk to really make any kind of impression on him. It was easier to deal with such people after all.

Hannibal had shown no reaction.

They were supposed to be on their 'honeymoon' and were stuck at some over the top casino/hotel, where Hannibal was trying to beat several people in a long ass game of Poker. Hannibal's victory had been steady for the first few rounds, but he was slowly beginning to lose his game.

And one of the other men at the table, someone whom everyone called Le Chiffre, was doing the best. He was obviously a pro at the game and had been at this for years.

Will could see just by looking at him, that he resembled Hannibal. More than just in appearance which was shocking enough. He had a similar manner, his voice caressed French in just the same way, and he was obviously a killer of some sort.

It was like he was looking at Hannibal's twin.

Said twin who kept shooting he and Hannibal interested looks.

Hannibal hadn't noticed yet, he was still focused on his horrible hand. Will wanted so much to tell him to fold but Hannibal probably wouldn't listen. He had a thing with always being

right.

After several minutes of bluffing and poker faces, Hannibal finally folded, though he acted as if it was an act of mercy.

Will couldn't take it any longer and elbowed Hannibal in the shoulder, giving him a look that spelled death. Hannibal sighed and offered the table of men his well wishes, before informing them that he we finished. When he stood, Will immediately claimed his seat and even verbalized his entrance just so people were aware.

This tournament was shady at best and there weren't many rules involved. No fighting. No bad language. Don't get caught cheating. That was it. They said nothing about Will not being able to replace Hannibal. And since they were married, he forced Hannibal to leave all of his chips behind for Will. Payback for ignoring him for two hours. "I'm playing now."

The other men at the table merely cocked their brows in his direction. "I think my husband seems a bit parched. It's been a long day and he requires a certain amount of rest daily."

"You can't do that!" one man, who had the darkest skin he had even seen, protested.

Le Chiffre lifted a hand. "There was nothing in the rules that said it isn't allowed. Let him play."

The man caved immediately, which told Will that Le Chiffre was a very important person and that people did not want to cross him. If worst came to worst, they would have to deal with him.

An amused look passed around the table, since compared to Hannibal, Will was scruff personified. Obviously not someone they all thought was capable of beating them. He couldn't wait to prove them wrong!

Will had never lost in a game of Poker in his life. Thinking like other people was only useful for catching killers, catching prey, and winning card games. Will as the master of Poker Faces.

Will waited for the the next game and inwardly rejoiced when his hand was perfect. On the outside, Will had become closed off and watched carefully as the other players observed their own hands.

The man closest to him, seemed smug. The man on the other side of him wasn't as arrogant, but was also pleased with his hand. Quite frankly, the chances of any of them beating WIll's hand were incredibly low, but Will decided to play the skittish newbie anyway.

Affecting a calm but slightly worried manner, Will allowed everyone without a brain to assume the worst.

Le Chiffre was one to watch though, because the man folded immediately after looking at Will. He was definitely skilled in this.

In no time, the other men - who were so sure of their hands - tried to get him to go all in, even though it was against the rules in true Poker. They probably hoped he wasn't versed in the rules of Poker and was just some redneck American.

Will ducked his head and fluttered his lashes. He was attractive physically, it was obvious. Even with the facial scar. He just never used his looks unless necessary.

They worked in his favor at the moment, because he had easily charmed/tricked the people around him, sans Le Chiffre. Will gave a shy smile and decided to humor them, because everyone but Le Chiffre had thrown most of their chips in, thinking the win to be easy.

The Dealer looked around and prompted everyone, starting with the man on Will's left and going around the table. Two Full Houses, a Straight Flush of 2-6 Hearts, and the came Will's turn to reveal his hand.

Still pretending to be sweet and innocent, Will laid out his cards, revealing a Royal Flush of Spades. He made sure to blink several times, to appear even more unsuspecting. He looked to the Dealer with an inquiring gaze.

"A Royal Flush." Which meant that Will had won the entire pot.

While the other men gaped openly, Will continued with his act by asking, "That's good?"

"The best," said the Dealer, voice monotone.

Will's win had managed to kick two men right from the game, leaving only Will, Le Chiffre, and one other.

They played for two more rounds, Will folding when appropriate on the second, which had let Le Chiffre beat the unknown man easily. Finally, it was just Will and the Hannibal look alike.

"You play very well," the man complimented him, giving no indication that he had seen through Will's act.

"That's good. I wouldn't want to lose all the money my husband had come close to losing himself. He'd never let me live it down."

And then it got real. Will had never folded so much in his life, but he could tell that Le Chiffre was a good player. The man was a fucking genius! Will had to sit back and admire him at least. He was good and he knew it, and just because he was good, didn't mean he bragged about it.

Also, the dabbing the blood from his eyes thing was a little unnerving and Will knew that the man used it to his advantage in order to put his opponents off.

After another hour, which meant that Will had been in the same room, with the same people, for six hours, Le Chiffre proposed just ending the game with their next hand. Just to go all in and let the fates decide who was the better player. It was funny, considering it was a game consisting half way of chance and the other of skill.

Will agreed and even shook the man's hand, congratulating him on making it the best game Will ever had. He received similar false platitudes in return.

The Dealer dealt the cards. Will could feel the victory singing in his blood. No matter what hand the other man hand. No matter if Le Chiffre managed to draw a card that gave him what he thought he needed, Will would win the game either way.

He felt the unholy glee fill him, because beating someone who at least *looked* like Hannibal, made him feel good!

When the showdown came, Le Chiffre placed his cards down, revealing a Royal Flush of Hearts.

Will waited several seconds, letting the man sink into his pleased grin, before placing his own Royal Flush down, his Spades beating the Hearts immediately.

Will won and he hadn't felt so pleased with himself in years. It was great!

Upon cashing in his chips, Will was annoyed to learn that Hannibal had pretty much abandoned him in the presence of a killer. So he didn't get what he wanted and now he threw a fit. Un-fucking-believable. Actually it was pretty damn believable. It was Hannibal after all.

Upon entering their suite, he found Hannibal sprawled out on the bed, wearing absolutely nothing. Will's sour mood vanished into thin air and his interest was immediately caught.

"Having fun?"

Hannibal's burgundy gaze was hooded and spoke volumes. "Dearest, I think we need to talk about how *rude* you were today," the older man purred.

Will snorted. "More like I saved your ass. You owe me, because I just won the whole damn thing and more than tripled the amount you almost lost. By the way, I think Le Chiffre is a murderer and we might have to watch out for him."

Will stalked on over to the bed and threw a leg over Hannibal, pulling himself on top of the man. By straddling his hips, he was able to feel Hannibal's cock as it brushed against the seat of his jeans. It felt good.

Grinding down, Will awarded Hannibal with some friction. "I should think you wish to award me, by greeting me in such a way."

"Maybe I did."

"You should. You left me alone with a possible killer. I might just have to punish you for that."

Hannibal laid back and sent his lover a smirk. “Go ahead, dearest. See what you are capable of.”

Rarely did Will take charge during sex. Generally, he liked to be… taken care of whilst in bed. It was nice for someone else to do the work and allow him to just enjoy the sensations, but he did have his moments.

Riding Hannibal’s cock was probably the best thing, aside from giving him head, and Will was a slut for Hannibal’s cock, so really, there was almost no competition between the two.

Will sat back and pulled Hannibal into a seated position by gripping his hair, which had thankfully grown out again. “Help me get undressed.”

Hannibal’s smooth hands were already on his body, caressing the flesh beneath Will’s flannel shirt. Said shirt was suddenly rent in two pieces before the brunet could blink, and he would never admit it aloud but those rare bursts of strength from Hannibal were so sexy.

Hannibal could just tear something apart so easily. The danger the hands now massaging the bulge in his jeans posed to him, was erotic. Like how having Hannibal suck on his throat was dangerous because he could literally bite someone’s throat out with his teeth only. Or when Hannibal was generous enough to ‘service’ him.

With prompting, Will shrugged out of his pants and briefs quickly, leaving he and his lover naked, pressed firmly against each other. Hannibal’s erection rested in the cleft of Will’s ass, just begging for Will to get on with it.

“Lube me up, Dr. Lecter.”

And the lube appeared magically, from wherever Hannibal had stashed it. Slick, cold fingers probed his entrance, demanding him to relax into the touch. Will wiggled a bit, finding a better position as he braced his hands on Hannibal’s strong shoulders.

“Do it.”

With the command, Hannibal pushed two fingers in at once. He was definitely feeling impatient if he was forgoing the usual foreplay and preparation. Will wanted it just as much, but he liked to tease.

“Can you reach my prostate, Dr. Lecter?”

Hannibal liked to be referred to by his old title because doctor/patient relationships were taboo and the role play was a bit kinky for him.

Hannibal’s long and dexterous fingers traced over the small bulge where his prostrate resided, making Will keen long and low in pleasure. Prostate milking was something Hannibal liked to do on the days he felt the need to ‘worship’ Will.

Hours upon hours of nonstop stimulation in his most sensitive of places as Hannibal would partake in everything he so desired, just allowing WIll to bask in the love and attention.

Will was spoiled and he knew it. Reveled in it even.

Another finger because Hannibal was impatient tonight and he was working Will open as quickly as possible.

Will did not often do with dirty talk. Neither did Hannibal for that matter. There was no need because just the simple sound of Hannibal, who was elegance personified, saying the word ‘fuck’ was enough to get Will aroused. And Will merely need to moan loud enough to get his dear doctor in a similar state.

Will however, did love to taunt Hannibal, which was why he was questioning the man’s skill. Despite knowing that Will was playing with him, sometimes Hannibal couldn’t help but try to prove himself. The dominance was hot.

The empath pushed Hannibal down to the mattress again, hands now on his chest. Raising his hips, he aligned them both and waited. Hannibal’s iron clad control cracked within minutes of this sort of teasing, with the blond actually resorting to not quite begging, but definitely a needy sort of desire.

Will descended slowly, taking Hannibal in inch by inch, taking his time. Hannibal’s hips rose to meet him, but Will would pull up, nearly dislodging the man from his body in the process.

It was good fun, but Will was also incredibly horny at the moment and he just really wanted to fuck his lover until Hannibal forgot English. It was so sexy when Hannibal breathed Lithuanian in Will’s ear during sex. So sexy!

Hannibal grunted in disappointment and Will leaned down to peck him on the lips. Just once. And when Hannibal leaned up for more, Will planted himself fully on Hannibal’s hips, taking him all the way in one swift movement.

Hannibal’s attempt to remain quiet was adorable and Will wiggled his hips to prolong the stuttered sound and then squeezed experimentally, enjoying the glide of Hannibal’s cock as he forced it deeper within himself.

Hannibal’s hands latched into Will’s hips, using the brunet to ground himself.

In no short amount of time, Will fucked Hannibal long and hard, until both had to project their pleasure for everyone in the hotel to hear.

Will’s eyes popped open at the feeling of Hannibal shifting. Looking over, he found his lover getting out of bed and grabbing a scalpel from his drawer.

Will too sat up, realizing that he had been right to be wary of the Hannibal look alike. No one else in France would have a reason to try to kill them except the man who lost several hundred million Euros to Will.

Will went to answer the door while Hannibal stayed behind the corner.

Will was held at gunpoint immediately, to which he was pushed back into the suite and told to hold his hands up. Hannibal charged out from his hiding place, taking down the first man without even using the damn scalpel. Will used the other man's inattention to jab him in the throat. Since Hannibal was going about it the non messy way, Will would follow his lead for the moment.

Besides, he didn't want to leave just yet. And getting caught would suck.

"Perhaps we should leave them in a very special place," Hannibal proposed, looking down at the unconscious men as Will pocketed their weapons.

"Where?"

Hannibal's smirk was devious.

Le Chiffre stared down at the displayed bodies of his men. Both had been somehow, displayed in the main hall, situated over a table where they were 'playing Poker'.

The bodies were missing their internal organs however and were artfully displayed in a strikingly similar fashion to the modus operandi of the Chesapeake Ripper/Il Mostro. Or, better known as Hannibal the Cannibal.

He glared in frustration. The two men, who had apparently been on the FBI's Most Wanted List, had taken their honeymoon in France for nearly two weeks and had disappeared two days before this tableau was discovered.

Le Chiffre sighed and had to give a nod of respect to the work of his fellow criminals.

The respect was most certainly earned.

He turned away from the television that flashing with photos of the two cannibals and speculation on where else they may have gone, and whistled for his guard. It was time to make up for his loss.

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

End Notes

How was it? Horrible Poker playing aside.

Also, I have only managed to see part of Casino Royale because finding that movie in America is nigh impossible!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!